Baconiana.

VOL. VI.—*New Series.* JANUARY, 1898. No. 21.

SHAKESPEARE'S USE OF CLASSIC PHRASEOLOGY.

(Read before the BACON SOCIETY, May 17th, 1897).

THE classic knowledge and classic diction of Shakespeare have caused much perplexity to his critics and biographers. That such a classic element exists is indisputable, and there is an instinctive recognition of the fact that the easiest explanation of its presence is to suppose that the poet was a well-trained scholar—such as is rarely found except in University men.

That William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, was such a scholar can scarcely be admitted by the most resolute vindicators of his greatness. Accordingly the classic element must either be explained and accounted for by Shakespeare critics, or else it must be explained away and denied—and the attempt to do this leads to strange logical and philosophical *tours de force.* The psychological *tour de force* is well illustrated in Leigh Hunt's brief discussion of the question. Leigh Hunt thinks that when Milton spoke of Shakespeare's "native wood notes wild," he must have spoken without due reflection; "the words," he says, "were hastily said by a learned man of an unlearned. In fact, if Shakespeare's poetry has any fault, it is that of being too learned, too over-informed with thought and allusion. His 'wood notes wild' surpass Haydn and Bach: his wild roses were all twenty times double." Still the fact remains that William Shakspere was not a highly educated man, and the question, How did he gain his learning? becomes urgent. "Shakespeare," says Leigh Hunt, "though he had not a college education, was as learned as any man, in the highest sense of the word; by a scholarly intuition. He had the spirit of learning." How the admitted body of learning can be the product of a phantasmal

essence called "the spirit of learning," or of "scholarly intuition" in an unlearned man, I leave for the conjecture of Shakespearean critics. The explanation seems to me prodigiously difficult and metaphysically unintelligible.

The logical *tour de force* may be illustrated by the explanations offered by Mr. Cruickshank, in the "Noctes Shakesperianæ," issued by the Winchester College Shakespeare Society. The following are the methods by which it is suggested that William Shakspere might have picked up his classical learning :—

1. Chance conversations with Ben Jonson at the "Mermaid."
2. Listening to sermons, profuse in learning, which were then the fashion.
3. Association with young University scholars who had taken to a Bohemian life.
4. On his journeys to and from Stratford he may have stopped at Oxford, and have met many a grave and reverend Seignior at the Davanants.*

Then the learned critic goes into details in reference to the classic words found in Shakespeare. Some of them are also *ordinary words*, such as *Alias, Armigero, Ergo, Imprimis, Item, Pauci, Quasi, Quondam, Solus, Verbatim, Videlicet. Theology* accounts for *Ave, Benedicite, Dives, Medice te ipsum, In limbo Patrum, Non nobis, Te Deum. Medicine* accounts for *Hysterica passio, Pia mater. Law* accounts for *praemunire, Custos rotulorum*, etc. *Astronomy* for *Ursa Major. Heraldry* accounts for the mottoes found in *Pericles* and other plays, such as *Invitis nubibus, Satis quod sufficit, Semper idem, Suum cuique.* And so we may comfortably conclude that Shakespeare was an entirely uneducated man; the conclusion follows irresistibly from the premisses!

Now, while it may be admitted as a conceivable possibility (I cannot think a probability) that William Shakspere, of Stratford-on-Avon, had some education, perhaps was acquainted with the rudiments of Latin, I cannot think it possible that he was highly proficient, so as to have the command of the whole realm of classic literature, and the possession of Latin as a second mother-tongue. And yet the evidence points to this.

The evidence that the writer of the plays was a classic

* This has some resemblance to Mr. McNeil's speculation that Shakspere might have been invited by Fulke Greville to Warwick Castle to meet the philosopher Bruno, who was there somewhere about the year 1585 or 1587. No anachronism is too glaring for these scholarly critics.

scholar is many-sided, and if his unscholared authorship is to be proved, it is not enough to explain this or that passage—how "Plutarch's Lives" helped him to construct the classic plays—or translations and elegant literature supplied certain allusions. The whole evidence must be taken broadly and comprehensively. This evidence may be gathered into four different classes, only one of which I propose to illustrate in any detail in this present paper.

1. First, the classic allusions must be considered; not only the knowledge of history and mythology, but the presence of passages evidently suggested by parallel passages in classic writers. These are very numerous. They are not confined to classic plays. They are not always part of the structure of the play in which they occur, specially hunted up for the occasion. They are the spontaneous out-pourings of a well-stored mind, ready to give out its wealth at all times of discourse, quite incapable of producing anything dressed in a plain home-spun garb; forced by the necessities of its own culture to supply allusive decoration or learned plumage. Classical embellishment of this kind must, I contend, be taken as a *primâ facie* indication of scholarship in the writer. If scholarship is denied, the *onus probandi* of accounting for all these marks of it rests with the denier.

2. Next, it must be admitted that the classic plays (*Coriolanus, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra*), founded on actual history, give the same indications of classical knowledge and tone, with the additional evidence derived from the subject matter. It is, of course, possible that the special study required to collect this material may have been undertaken by a clever student, not specially skilled in classic lore, making the most of histories and translations. This explanation, however, is not easy. After Plutarch has been emptied of his treasures, the mode in which they are appropriated and assimilated show a mind familiar with the classic region—not unwilling to save himself some trouble by the use of translations, but able to dispense with them and go beyond them. The classic aroma is not easily accounted for by cribs and coaching. But if anyone insists that these explanations account for all the scholarship of these plays, I shall not combat his arguments—they may seem strained, speculative, very much of the *ex post facto* character, produced in support of preconceived opinions, but against them I have no polemical protest at present.

3. A good many instances of classic construction in the grammar of the sentences are to be found—sentences cast into grammatical forms not strictly English at all, which cannot well be parsed without the help of the Latin grammar. The evidence of these passages points to the conclusion that the poet was accustomed to the use of Latin as an expression of his own thoughts, and had read so extensively in classical literature as to have incorporated some of its forms into his own speech.

Dr. Abbott, in his learned and exhaustive "Shakespeare Grammar," gives many illustrations of this. I will refer to one or two, and dismiss this part of the argument:—

a. The superlative inflexion *Est* is sometimes used, not in the superlative sense, as in English, but to express augmentation of quality, as in Latin—"A little 'ere the *mightiest* Julius fell."

b. "Without all bail," in *Sonnet* 74, is like the Latin, *sine omni.*

c. One is used for *above all*, to express pre-eminence. In Latin, *Justissimus unus* would be applied to one conspicuously just; and the Shakespearian expression, "He is one the truest mannered" (*Cymbeline*), is similarly constructed to indicate one conspicuously refined. Cicero has — *Demosthenes unus eminet inter ommes in omni genere dicendi*:—Demosthenes stands alone by himself in all kinds of discoursing.

d. To is used like the Latin dative case, to express a representative or equivalent position, as the Latin would say, *Habemus Deum amico* — We have God to (*i.e.*, for) our friend; so Shakespeare says, "I have a king here to my flatterer."

e. The omission of the preposition (of, with, etc.) after a governing verb is a Latinism—"*Despair* thy charm"; "The senseless brands will *sympathize* the heavy accents of thy moving tongue."

f. "Those disposition that of late transform you from what you rightly are" is like the Latin *jampridem*, with the present tense in the sense of the perfect.

These are a few among many specimens of modes of speech which a simple adhesion to the mother-tongue would not have permitted. Translations and cribs will not account for these peculiarities. There is nothing allusive in them; they are not reminiscences, but native utterances, or rather modes of utter-

ance, which by force of habit have become native to the cultured and scholarly mind. They remind one of an Englishman who has lived some time in Scotland or America, and comes back with accents and tones which show that his language has been coloured and modified by contact with those who use it differently; he becomes infirm in his shalls and wills, or learns to guess and calculate, and use a Yankee cadence in his talk.

4. The fourth mode in which classic scholarship is very unequivocally indicated is in the frequent use of Latin words, put into English dress and intended to pass as current speech, but really derived from the Latin dictionary, not the English. The words so used may be such as belong to ordinary vernacular, having been introduced into our most composite language at very early times, when the language was plastic and Roman influences predominant. But the poet so uses such words as to show that he is not limited by their imported significance; he can follow them into the wider or more varied, or different and more restricted modes, of usage which they originally possessed. This is a feature in Shakespearian phraseology which has not been very completely investigated; critics constantly recognise it, but no one has attempted to make an inventory of such words, and to show how much of this classic hybridity is to be found. It is to this part of the subject that I wish especially to ask your attention. For classic allusions and classic echoes you may consult most of the commentators, especially Lewis Theobald, the most learned of the Shakespearian annotators. I think I can point out a large number of cases in which classic words, or ordinary words classically used, have escaped the notice of the critics; and in many cases the phraseology thus employed is reflected in Bacon's writings, both in English and in Latin.

My first illustration is a word which seems too homespun to be capable of putting on a Roman toga at all. In a few passages the word *act* is so used as to require a reference to Bacon's Latin to explain it. The Latin word *actus* is used, in mediæval rather than classic Latinity, as equal to *effect, operation, use, function.* Bacon says of Fascination, that it is *vis et actus imaginationis*—the power and operation of the imagination; not action in a limited or muscular sense, but continuous operation—psychical, not sensible. So in *Hamlet,* those who had seen the ghost were "Distilled almost to jelly by the *act* of fear,"—*i.e.,* by the operation of fear—*Actus timoris.*

Again, bees, in their marvellous organisation, are described as typical of a state or kingdom: they are—

> "Creatures that by a rule in Nature teach
> The *act* of order in a peopled kingdom."
> *Henry V.*, I. ii, 188.

i.e., the function or operation of order.

Iago more than once thus uses the word in his very philosophical utterances:—"When the blood is made dull with the *act* of sport"—*i.e.*, by the effect or operation of sport.—*Oth.* II. i, 229.

And in a still more striking passage:—

> "Dangerous conceits are in their nature poisons,
> Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
> But with a little *act* upon the blood,
> Burn like the mines of sulphur."—*Oth.*, III. iii, 330.

Aspersion—once used—does not mean false or calumnious accusation: its meaning is derived from the Latin word *aspergo*, I sprinkle, and in this use there may be a covert allusion to baptism. The reference in the passage I am quoting is to broken marriage vows:—

> "No sweet *aspersion* shall the heavens let fall
> To make this contract grow."—*Temp.*, IV. i, 18.

Bacon uses the word aspersion in the classic sense. Thus, he describes the book written by King James as "a work richly compounded of divinity, morality, and policy, with great *aspersion* of all other arts"—*sprinkling* or *mixture* is the sense implied.

Cadent is purely Latin, from *cado*, to fall—"With *cadent* tears fret channels in her cheeks."—*Lear* I. iv, 307.

Capricious is once only, and then very curiously used: only by classic explanations can its meaning be discovered. Touchstone, among the rustics at Arden, says:—"I am here with thee and thy goats as the most *capricious* poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths" (pronounced *Gotes*).—*As you like it*, III. iii, 9. Capricious here is punningly connected with *caper*, a goat, and it is also a reflection of the Italian word *capriccioso*, humorous, or fantastical. The Goths alluded to were the Getæ, a Thracian tribe among whom Ovid, in his banishment, dwelt. Curiously enough, one of the Parnassus plays (in which Bacon's hand is clearly seen), has the same jesting allusion. "Good Ovid" [Touch-

stone says *honest* Ovid], "that in his life time lived with the Getes, and now after his death converseth with a Barbarian."—3 Par., 702. That the Getes and the Barbarian means the Goths we learn from Shakespeare.

A very curious piece of Latinity occurs in Helen's allusion to her hopeless love for Bertram :—

> "I know I love in vain; strive against hope;
> Yet in this *captious* and *intenible* sieve,
> I still pour in the waters of my love."
> *All's Well*, I. iii, 207.

Captious has the meaning of the Latin word *capio*, I take or receive. *Intenible* represents the Latin word *teneo*, I hold, with the privitive particle *in, i.e., I do not hold;* and the whole passage refers to the daughters of Danaus, who were punished in Hades by being compelled everlastingly to pour water into a sieve. The same classic allusion is found in *Much Ado*, v. i, 3 :—

> "I pray thee cease thy counsels,
> Which falls into my ear as profitless
> As water in a sieve."

And, again, in *As you like it*, IV. i, 211, we find, "Or, rather' bottomless ; that, as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out."

I think the Latin sense of *Consequor*, follow after as a sequence, whether caused by the antecedent or not, not necessarily as a result, is implied in some instances in which the word *consequence* is used. Polonius, instructing his servant to act as a spy on his son Laertes, tells him how he may get into conversation with some of his companions, and so lead them to give unguarded information. "He closes with you, in this *consequence*"—*Hamlet*, I. ii, 44—*i.e.*, he falls into conversation with you on the track of the information or suggestion you have given. This subtle use of the word may be implied where the ordinary sense might suffice; for example,

> "The instruments of darkness tell us truths;
> Win us with honest trifles to betray us;
> In deepest *consequence*."—*Macbeth*, I. iii, 124.

And, again,

> "If the assassination
> Could tramel up the *consequence*."—*Macbeth*, I. vii, 2.

The meaning is richer and more powerful if the classic sense of the word is kept in mind.

The word *document*, in its primary sense of a lesson, example specimen, typical illustration, is found in *Hamlet*, IV. v., 178, —Ophelia is a "document in madness"—a typical specimen of madness, teaching you what it really is. Bacon writes, "*Ethica obsequium Theologiæ omnino praestare debit ejusque præceptis morigera esse; ita tamen ut ipsa, intra suos limites, haud pauca sana et utilia documenta continere potest*, *i.e.*, Ethics should be entirely subordinate to theology and submissive to its teachings; and yet it is itself able, within its own limits, to supply not a few sound and useful lessons.

Tacitus has "*dedimus profecto grande patientiæ documentum*," a striking example of patience. So that the singular use of the word document, in *Hamlet*, is completely in accordance with the Latin of Bacon and Tacitus.

Spenser and Raleigh use the word in the same way.

Double is an English word used by Shakespeare in a classic sense.

> "The Magnifico is much beloved,
> And hath in his effect a voice potential,
> As *double* as the Duke's."—*Othello*, I. ii, 12.

The Latin word for double, *duplex*, may also mean thick. stout, strong; and this is the meaning in the passage quoted. Theobald says, "It is in truth a very elegant Græcism. *As double* signifies as large, or extensive; so the Greeks used διπλους for *latus* (wide), *grandis* (large), as well as *duplex* (double), and in the same manner and construction the Latins used their *duplex*." The same classic sense is also found in *Coriolanus*, II. iii, 121, "His *doubled* spirit requickened what in flesh was fatigate," *i.e.*, "His large, stout, strong, and invincible spirit, etc." Fatigate is—it may be observed—the Latin word, *fatigatus*.

The following lines are quite intelligible as they stand, without the help of the Latin dictionary; but they are more beautiful and more interesting if the classical sense of the word *eminent* is remembered.

> "Who were below him
> He used as creatures of another place,
> And bowed his eminent top to their low ranks,
> Making them proud of his humility."
>
> *All's Well*, I. ii, 41.

Eminent is used in the sense of the Latin word *eminens*, Emineo is to jut or project—to stand out—to be conspicuous like the lights in a picture, or a strong voice in a crowd, or the trunk of a tree above the ground. It is a word of measurement, not simply an expression of renown.

Evitate is not an English word, but Shakespeare makes an attempt to naturalise it. "She doth evitate and shun a thousand irreligious, cursed hours."—*Merry Wives*, v. v, 241. It is the Latin word *Evitare*—avoid—which is found in Bacon's *Novum Organum*, I., 57. *Ut evitenter ea quae incommoda*; and in his *Sylva Sylvarum*, 293, he writes:—"It is certain that in all bodies there is an appetite of union, and evitation of Solution of Continuity.

A similar attempt is made to plant the word *ex-sufflicate*: representing the Latin words *ex* and *sufflo*, "blow out."

"Such ex-sufflicate and blown surmises."—*Othello*, III. iii, 182.

It means, of course, blown out, inflated,—guesses of no solidity, windbags, or bubbles, soon blown, soon collapsed.

Another attempt of the same kind is in the lines:—

> "I always thought
> It was both impious and unnatural
> That such *immanity* and bloody strife
> Should reign among professors of one faith."
> *Henry VII.*, v. i, 13.

Immanity is not an English word; it is the Latin word *immanitas*, of doubtful etymology, but meaning the opposite of *humanity*, *i.e.*, ferocity, cruelty, savageness.

And the same may be said of the word *inhabitable*, which means exactly the reverse of the current sense, *i.e.*, *not* fit for habitation, *un*inhabitable—

> The frozen ridges of the Alps,
> Or any other ground inhabitable."—*Rich. II.*, I. i, 64.

It is not surprising that the word *inhabitabilis* is found in Bacon's Latin—

"Plurima climata et zonæ in quibis populi infiniti spirant et degunt, tanquam inhabitabiles ab illis pronuntiata sunt"—*Nov. Org.* I., 72, which may be translated—"Many climates and zones in which countless people breathe and live, although by these people (*i.e.* the Greeks) they were pronounced

inhabitables—uninhabitable." Ben Johnson and other writers use the word inhabitable in the same classic sense.

There is a group of three words which in their employment by Shakespeare show in a very striking way the discriminating accuracy of his classic diction.

Oppugnancy, Propugnation, Repugn, with the cognate words Repugnancy and Repugnant. These words are not all of them adopted into the English vocabulary, and they are all used by the Poet in their strictest classic sense. The root of all three is the same, *pugna,* a fight or battle; *Oppugnancy* is *active* or offensive warfare, assaulting, fighting against a foe. *Propugnation* is the scarcely altered Latin word *propugnatio, defensive* warfare, fighting in self-defence. *Repugnant-nancy,* derived from *repugno,* is resistance, opposition, not active warfare, but passive resistance; not obeying, but not in any other sense fighting. Now, see how accurately Shakespeare observes these distinctions.

First *oppugnancy,* active and offensive warfare; the word occurs once in the magnificent discourse on degree—difference of rank or order, in Troilus and Cressida:—

> "Take but degree away, untune that string,
> And hark! what discord follows: each thing meets,
> In mere oppugnancy.
> Strength should be lord of imbecility,
> And the rude son should strike his father dead.
> Force should be right, or rather right and wrong,
> Between whose endless jar justice resides,
> Should lose their names and so should justice too,
> Then everything *includes** itself in power,
> Power into will; will into appetite;
> And appetite, an universal wolf,
> So doubly seconded by will and power.
> Must make perforce an universal prey,
> And last eat up itself."—*Tro. Cress.,* I. iii, 109.

This is a picture of *Oppugnancy,* internecine warfare. Now for *Propugnation,* fighting in self-defence.

> "What propugnation is in one man's valour
> To stand the push and enmity of those
> This quarrel would excite."—*Tro. Cress.,* II. ii, 136.

* *Includes* is also used in the classic sense of *shut up,* summarize, epitomize.

What possible defence can one man, however brave, afford? Then there is *Repugnancy*, passive resistance:—

> "Why do fond men expose themselves to battle,
> And not endure all threats? Sleep upon it,
> And let the foes quietly cut their throats,
> Without *repugnancy?*"—*Timon* III., v, 42.

The cognate word *repugnant*:—

> "His antique sword,
> Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
> *Repugnant* to command."—*Hamlet*, II. ii, 191.

And the word *Repugn* occurs in 1 *Hen. VI.*, IV. i, 94, "Stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth about a certain question in the law."

Bacon uses the word *oppugn* in the same way. In his charge against Somerset, he says:—

"This marriage and purpose did Overbury mainly *oppugn.*"—*Life* V., 313.

Now, as Shakespeare's *mere oppugnancy* means entire and uncompromising opposition, *mere* being the Latin *merus*, complete, entire; so *mainly oppugn* means the same, *i.e.*, violent resistance even to main force.

(*To be continued.*)

NOTES ON THE "INDUCTION" TO "TAMING OF THE SHREW."

SLY.—"Look in the Chronicles."

. . . . . .

PAGE.—"It is a kind of history."

CASUALLY reading the above "Induction" in the "Whitehall Shakespeare" now in course of publication, I was incited by the words used at its commencement, viz., "Paucus pallabris; let the world slide, Sessa!" to connote the passages with the introductory portion of the old play, *Taminge of a Shrew*, upon which it is apparently based.

It doubtless has often been noticed that, although the Induction takes its general idea from the old play, the wording is almost entirely altered, and words are introduced which would seem surplusage except for their allusive character.

"Pocas Palabras" is Spanish for "*few words.*" "Let the world slide" seems to mean *Let things go on as they are. Make no attempt to alter prevailing misconceptions.* Cessa! (Spanish) *Be silent.*

This is hardly the language a travelling tinker would address to the landlady of a country inn. It occurred to me that the author was addressing his intimates, and ambiguously referring to matters of common but secret knowledge, or that he was putting matters for unravelment in "future ages" by those who are advised in the preface to the First Folio to "Reade him therefore, and againe and againe."

Bacon, in the "Advancement of Learning," refers to a method, the object of which is "to remove the vulgar capacities from being admitted to the secrets of knowledges, and to reserve them to selected auditors, or wits of such sharpness as can pierce the veil."

What, then, is the Induction, as it appears to one who has read it suspiciously "and againe and againe."

1. Taken as a whole, it reads as a figurative allusion to the drunken beggar of Wincott (Shakspur) being gradually brought to the assumption that he was the author of the plays published in his name—

"Would not the beggar then forget himself."

2. I believe I am correct in saying that in this Induction are the only references to the neighbourhood of Shakspur's home which occur in all the plays. They are to be found in those sentences in which the beggar tells us who and what he is.

He calls himself "Christophero Sly." In the old play there is no Christian name, and "Sly" is written "Slie." The "o" in Christophero is not repeated a few lines further on. Can it have been intended to serve a special purpose? Singularly "Christophero Sly" contains the same number of letters as "William Shakspur."

Singularly, also, the name of the "fat ale wife of Wincot," Marian Hacket, contains the same number of letters as Anne Hathaway. Including the hyphen, Shake-speare has the same number of letters as Francis Bacon.

It is suspicious in passing to note that the name Christopher was borne by another person, Marlowe, as to whose authorship of plays there has been considerable difference of opinion.

To continue the enquiry, Christopher tells us he is "Old Sly's son, of Barton Heath." Barton-on-Heath is a few miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and we have it on the authority of biographers, that Shakspur's father, John Shakspur, came to Stratford to settle from some village in the county.

"By birth a pedlar," Shakspur's father is described on the register of the Bailiffs' Court of Stratford as a "Glover." This doubtless involved the making of leather gloves and other leather articles of farming gear. Is it too much to imagine that, when made, he carried them about to the various farms for sale?

"By education a card maker," it seems natural that the youth, William Shakspur, should have been employed in making for his father the instruments of leather and wire with which wool was at that day carded.

"By transmutation a bear-herd," Shakspur's occupation during the early period of his life in London, appears, to use the words of Thackeray's "Jeames," to be "wrop in mistry."

Probably he endeavoured to make himself generally useful; but seeing how wrathful Shakesperian biographers are at the suggestion that he held horses for gentlemen frequenting the playhouses, instead of cultivating the classics, I hesitate to suggest this to be an allusion to his employment at the Bear-garden, near which, according to Alleyn, he resided. Bear-baiting was a great sport in those days, and the care of the animals would find occupation for many young countrymen needing situations.

"And now by present profession a *Tinker*."

This may or may not be an allusive word. Dr. Schmidt in his Shakesperian Lexicon gives "Tinker" as a name given to a proverbial tippler. Perhaps it may allude to a noisy actor who "bombasts out his blank verse." The inference however, is not strong.

3. In the latter portion of the Induction the author lays stress upon the pseudo-lord having for fifteen years been in a dream, and his lady "being all this time abandoned from your bed."

I venture to suggest that the lady as described in the following lines is no mortal person, but rather, some indealisation of the author's. If we can assume that ideal to be "Truth," and the period of the publication of the plays in Shakspur's name

to be alluded to in the frequent references to fourteen (twice seven years) and fifteen years, we have a further insight into the story at once concealed and revealed :—

> "Thou hast a *lady* far more beautiful,
> Than any *woman* in this waning age,
> And till the tears that she hath shed for thee
> She was the fairest creature in the world,
> And yet she is inferior to none."

I think the above can hardly be the description of a woman. Those Readers of Baconiana who may think with me that "Truth" is referred to, may go further and agree that the line

> "Being all this time abandoned from your bed"

is an allusion to the false assumption of authorship of the plays.

Again that the following :—

> *Sly.*—"Madam, undress you and come now to bed."
> *Page.*—"Thrice noble lord, let me entreat you
> To pardon me yet for a night or two;
> Or if not so, until the sun be set :"

alludes to the intention that the truth about the authorship was not to be made known for a time; at any rate, not until the "sun be set," that is to say, until after the death of the real author.

4. It is curious, in considering the following lines :—

> *Sly.*—"I know it well—What must I call her ?
> *Lord.*—"*Madam*" (query *Truth*).
> *Sly.*—"Al'ce Madam, or Joan Madam ?"

that Alice was the name of the wife of Francis Bacon, Joan that of a sister of Shakspur.

Curious again that Sly should be made to say :—

> "We came in with Richard the Conqueror."

May this be an allusion to the putting forward of Shakspur as the author of the play of Richard II., when Queen Elizabeth was so incensed about its frequent peformance ?

6. Curious again that, with the slight reference to hounds in the old play, the author of the "Induction" should devote many lines to hounds and their qualities. Are Merriman,

Clowder, Silver, Belman, Echo, allusions to the assumed names of members of some secret society ?

There is, of course, great danger of overstating your case in dealing with a subject of this kind. But I think it is certainly one for investigation by those abler than myself to arrive at safe conclusions. As a student for some time past of all the literature bearing upon the Bacon-Shakspur controversy I have been struck with the fact that all the clues seem to point so uniformly in one direction, *viz.*, to the master-mind of Francis Bacon.

P. W.

ON SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS.

PART II.

BACON, during a fit of sickness at the age of sixty-five, translated certain Psalms into English verse, making three hundred and twenty-two lines of poetry, in all which he dedicates to "my very good friend, Mr. George Herbert," as "this poor exercise of my sickness," and which will, I think, considering the circumstances, compare favourably with some lines taken from what we call Shakspere, although one Shakesperean writer (and many other Shaksperians harp on the same string) says:—

"Can any person, with a spark of poetry in his soul, take these Baconian pharaphrases for any form of poetry at all, or believe that a man capable of writing the Shaksperean plays could hand down such specimens to posterity?"

I grant the specimens selected are not of the highest order of poetry; but is it at all difficult to select from Shakspere lines here and there of the same order ?

In the following twenty-four lines, twelve are from the Psalms, and twelve from the plays:—

"In the beginning, with a mighty hand,
He made the world by counterpoise to stand,
Never to move, but to be fixed still,
Yet hath no pillars but his sacred will.
The earth that's nature's mother, is her tomb,
What is her burying grave that is her womb,

And from her womb, children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find.
The moon, so constant in inconstancy,
Doth rule the monthly seasons orderly;
The sun, eye of the world, doth know his race,
And when to shew, and when to hide his face.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer, and night's dark dew to dry,
I must upfil this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious juiced flowers.
The compass heaven smooth without grain or fold,
All sets with spangs of glittering stars untold,
And striped with golden beams of power unpent,
Is raised up for a removing tent.
Two such opposed foes encamp them still
In man as well as herbs, grace, and rude will;
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker death eats up that plant."

Shakspereans seem to forget that Bacon, in these translations, is dealing with other people's matter and language; not his own.

In Chambers' Cyclopædia of English Literature, we read :—

"Bacon, like Sidney, was a warbler of poetic prose. No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significancy of imagery."

Professor Blackie, in his introduction to Bacon's Essays says: —"Another virtue of the book is one which is not frequently found in union with the scientific or philosophical intellect; *viz.*, a poetical imagination. Bacon's similes, for their aptness and their vividness, are of the kind of which Shakspere, or Goethe, or Richter might have been proud."

Addison says that "he had the sound distinct comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle: with all the beautiful lights, graces, and embellishments of Cicero."

In the Dictionary of National Biography (published by Smith, Elder & Co.) we read :—"There is something about Bacon's diction, his quaintness of expression, and his power of illustration, which lays hold of the mind, and lodges itself in the memory, in a way which we hardly find praralleled by any other author, unless it be Shakspere. What Bacon says of Plato

is pre-eminently true of himself, he was a man of sublime genius, which took a view of everything as from a high rock."

Professor Nichol, LL.D., says: "Bacon, as orator and writer, had no equal in his age, the sphere of whose efficacy is wide as the Universe."

Macaulay says of Bacon: "With great minuteness of observation he had an amplitude of comprehension such as has never yet been vouchsafed to any other human being."

Carlyle says: "If called to define Shakspere's faculty, I should say superiority of intellect, and think I had included all under that."

When Carlyle said Shakspere, of course he meant the author of "Shakspere."

Ben Jonson says that Bacon "is he who hath filled up all numbers, and performed that in our tongue which may be compared or preferred to insolent Greece and haughty Rome."

Bacon himself, in a letter to Sir John Davies, speaks of himself as a concealed poet.

And, in a letter to the Earl of Essex, again he says:

"I profess not to be a poet, but I prepared a sonnet directly tending to draw on Her Majesty's reconcilement to my Lord, which I remember I also shewed to a person, one of my Lord's nearest friends, who commended it. This though it be, as I said, but a toy, yet it shewed plainly in what spirit I proceeded."

Now is this not equivalent to saying, "I am a poet, but for some private reason of my own, do not openly profess it"?

But I do not profess to have "a spark of poetry in my soul," and therefore may be mistaken about "such specimens"*; yet I do profess to have a spark of honesty in my soul, and therefore would not willingly misquote an author. I am afraid that is more than can be said of Mr. Charles H. Higgins, M.D., the Shaksperean writer before quoted, for he goes on to say:

"There is one more proof suggested by Judge Holmes that Bacon, and Bacon alone, could have been the writer of Shakspere's plays—and that is the numerous close parallelisms, which, he asserts, are to be found between certain passages of Lord Bacon's undoubted writings and the plays—parallelisms in thought, in expressions, nay even in words. Here are a few samples selected for their brevity. . . . . I have carefully gone over every one of the very numerous parallelisms given by Judge Holmes, and I have no hesitation in declaring

* As Mr. Higgins calls the translations of the Psalms by Bacon.

that without a predetermination to find the resemblances to which he refers, it would puzzle any ordinary capacity to detect the identity which he insists upon. Every example he brings forward is far-fetched, mistaken, or forced. Moreover, the Judge omits the passages which show the direct opposite; as, for example, the contrarity between Bacon's statement about the tides of the Mediterranean and what we find about them in *Othello*. The Moor likens the violent pace of his thoughts to the *compulsive course* of the Pontick sea, which 'keeps due on'; while Bacon, in his tract 'on the Ebb and Flow of the sea,' says that it has only *a very weak course—hardly any, indeed.*"

Now, if we read the above carefully, we shall find the "contrarity" consists in a misunderstanding, or something worse, on the part of Mr. Higgins.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Othello. "O blood, blood, blood!"
Iago. "Patience, I say, your mind perhaps may change."
Othello. "Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont;
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love."

That which constitutes a tide is ebb and flow. In the Mediterranean, as is well known, there is none, or hardly any. But in some parts there are continuous or compulsive courses or currents, such as Bacon and the dramatist speak of. It is not the violent pace of "Othello's" thoughts but his will which "shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love," he likens to that sea which "Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on."

This passage which "the judge omits," and which "shows the direct opposite" when misquoted, fairly quoted turns from a "contrarity" to a "parallelism."

Mr. Charles H. Higgins, M.D., makes just such another blunder, only this time without the appearance of being wilful.

"There is another noteworthy divergence between *Lord Bacon* (*sic*) and the dramatist which I must place before you. We know from his own statements that Lord Bacon refused to admit the Copernican or *solar* system of astronomy; he being the sole dis-

tinguished scientist of his time who still upheld the Ptolemaic doctrine, that the earth was the centre of the universe, around which revolved the other heavenly bodies including the *sun.*

"Now here is a passage from the dramatist which clearly shows that he held a different view on the subject :—

> "The heavens themselves, the planets, and this centre,
> Observe degree, priority and place,
> Insisture, course, proportion, season, form,
> Office and custom, in all line of order:
> And therefore is the *glorious planet Sol*
> In noble eminence enthron'd and spher'd
> Amidst the others."

"A single discrepancy between two writings more forcibly points to separate writers than any number of so-called parallelisms, or similarities in words and phrases, can possibly indicate a unity of authorship."

Could we possibly have the Ptolemaic system of astronomy more beautifully and forcibly expressed in poetry? "*The glorious planet Sol*" (in *italics*), and as if that were not enough, the earth not a planet but "this centre." The two cardinal points of difference between the Copernican and Ptolemaic systems! What more could be wished to prove (alas! and that is all) that the ancient Greek, for whom our dramatist was writing, had not adopted the Copernican system. Where the discrepancy comes in I cannot imagine, except in the misunderstanding of our worthy M.D.

It is quite true that the great father of modern philosophy did not rashly accept or adopt the Copernican system; nor did he rashly reject it, as anyone may see by reading his "Advancement of Learning." And it is also quite true that the great father of dramatic poetry did not rashly adopt the Copernican system of astronomy, as anyone may see (that is, anyone who knows the real difference between the two systems) by reading "Bacon's Cipher in Shakspere's sonnets," in which the dramatist (whoever he be) speaks of five hundred years as the limit of time for all posterity to see "this composed wonder of his frame." However, he does not call it five hundred years, but five hundred courses of the sun, thus proving that he had not adopted the Copernican system of astronomy.

But, then, Shakspere also may not have adopted the Copernican system; yet I am inclined to think that our

"sweet and lovely Shakspere" troubled himself very little about any system of astronomy whatsoever, for it must have been very difficult for a man in those days, with "small Latin and less Greek," to learn much about ancient philosophies and astronomies, although we see such learning in almost every line of the plays, just as we find it in Bacon's other writings.

Really true "parallelisms" are not at all difficult to find, and to be seen by anyone sufficiently unprejudiced against the fact that "Time's best jewel," or the "greatest birth of Time," was produced by the greatest mortal of all time. Many passages are necessarily strikingly similar in sentiment, for how could the true author of Shakspere essentially differ from Bacon, if the following description, given by George L. Craik, LL.D., be true?

"Bacon belongs, not to mathematical or natural science, but to literature and to moral science in its most extensive acceptation,—to the realm of imagination, of wit, of eloquence, of æsthetics, of history, of jurisprudence, of political philosophy, of logic, of metaphysics, and the investigation of the powers and operations of the human mind. He is either not at all, or in no degree worth mentioning, an investigator or expounder of mathematics, or of mechanics, or of astronomy, or of chemistry, or of any other branch of geometrical or physical science: but he is a most penetrating and comprehensive investigator, and a most magnificent expounder, of that higher wisdom in comparison with which all these things are but a more intellectual sort of leger-de-main. All his works, his essays, his philosophical writings, commonly so-called, and what he has done in history, are of one and the same character; reflective and, so to speak, *poetical*, not simply demonstrative, or elucidatory of mere matter of fact. What, then, is his glory?—in what did his greatness consist? In this, we should say:—that an intellect at once one of the most capacious and one of the most profound ever granted to mortal—in its powers of vision, at the same time one of the most penetrating and one of the most far reaching—was in him united and reconciled with an almost equal endowment of the imaginative faculty; and that he is, therefore, of all philosophical writers, the one in whom are found together, in the largest proportions, depth of thought and splendour of eloquence."

And here is what Bacon says of the Drama:—

"Dramatic poetry, which has the theatre for its world, would be of excellent use if well directed, for the stage is capable of

no small use both of discipline and corruption. Now of corruptions of this kind we have enough; but the discipline has in our time been plainly neglected. And though in modern states play-acting is esteemed but as a toy, except when it is too satirical and biting; yet amongst the ancients it was used as a means of educating men's minds to virtue. Nay, it has been regarded by learned men and great philosophers as a kind of musician's bow, by which men's minds may be played upon."

Now, since the author of Shakespere himself says in the Sonnets (as has been already shown) that the fame of these poetical works has been transferred to his "friend Will," for a time—"to grow," need there be any doubt as to the author being the "concealed poet," Francis Bacon?

"Look! what thy memory cannot contain
Commit to these waste blanks, and thou shalt find
Those children nursed, delivered from thy brain
To take a new acquaintance of thy mind.
These offices, so oft as thou wilt look,
Shall profit thee and much enrich thy book."

Sonnet 77.

M. A. Goodwin.

NOTES.

Mrs. E. B. Wood, in her very interesting article upon Saint Albans, in the last number of "Baconiana," gives the following extract:—

Salmon, writing in 1726, has a great deal to say on the subject of Sir Francis Bacon, for most of which I must refer my readers to his "History of Hertfordshire," contenting myself with the following quotation, which bears on the monument in St. Michael's:—

"Sir Thomas Meautys, in gratitude and friendship to his deceased Lord, erected a monument for him, sitting in his chair, which is in *St. Michael's* Church. But either his own design or the carver's mistake have showed him to disadvantage. Had the figure represented him giving out the oracles of the law, or pronouncing the aphorisms his writings contain, or, in the ancient and more decent posture, lying with his hands in a

supplicating manner, denoting future expectations, it had given us a more lively image of this great genius. *That we have* shows him as we may suppose he looked when he received the answer of Lord Brooke's butler. He need not have been set up to move the tears of a pitying age, who could stand the censure of a wise one. Fortitude, with but an inch of her broken pillar, would have better become him, and if we judge by his writings, he was no coward; if he was, he was at least *splendide mendax.* The picture of a worthy man, or a friend, is a desirable thing, but not to look at him with pain: to have him drawn with distorted muscles in a fit of the stone"—(pp. 174, *Baconiana*, Oct. 1897).

It may be noticed that this was written exactly one hundred years after Lord Bacon's death, which took place in 1626. But what is far more pertinent is the quotation from the third book of the latin poet Horace's Odes:—

Una de multis, face nuptiali
Digna, perjurum fuit in parentem
Splendide mendax, et in omne virgo
NOBILIS ÆVUM.

"Only one out of so many, worthy of the nuptial torch, *gloriously deceived her perjured father, and acquired a reputation that shall last through all future ages.*"

This is the story of *Hypermnestra*, one of the *Danaïdes*, to which Horace is alluding. The Danaïdes were the fifty daughters of *Danaïs* (brother of *Ægyptus*, King of Egypt), who all, with the exception of *Hypermnestra*, by their father's command, slew their husbands upon their wedding night. For this they were all condemned in Hell to fill a tub with water, the bottom of which was pierced, and full of holes, that it could not retain any, by which means their labour was perpetually renewed.

In short we have in this story of *Hypermnestra's* virtue, *a most splendid example of self-sacrifice, and magnificent falsehood!* There can therefore be very little doubt that the application of this classical tale to Lord Bacon, contains points it would be as well to endeavour to elucidate.

Let us, in the first place, take a survey of the entire Ode in which this episode is described? It is addressed to Mercury. Horace begs Mercury to dictate a song to him, that might bend the stubborn heart of Lyde. "Oh, Mercury (for by your instruc-

tions the teachable Amphion made the stones follow him by the force of his music), and you, my harp, who with your seven strings are capable to render the most agreeable sounds, you who formerly had neither harmony, nor a power to please, but are now so acceptable at the tables of the rich, and in the temples of the Gods; inspire airs, to which Lyde may apply her obstinate ears; who, like a mare of three years old, plays and leaps in the spacious fields, and, as yet unaquainted with love, and not of age for marriage, fears to be touched by a husband.

"You can draw after you the most savage tigers, command the attendance of the woods, and stop the course of the swiftest currents. Cerberus, the frightful porter of the infernal regions, yielded to the sweetness of your notes; although, like the Furies, his head is surrounded by a hundred serpents, and pestilential fumes, and a poisonous matter flows from his three-tongued mouth.

"Yea, even Ixion and Tityus, moved by the sweetness of your verse, smiled with an unwilling countenance; and the urn of the Danaïdes remained for some time dry.

"Let Lyde hear the crime and punishment of these ladies, and their urn empty of water, which always runs through its pierced bottom; and the decrees of the Fates, which, though late, never fail to overtake a criminal even in hell.

"Perfidious wretches! For what greater crime could they commit? Perfidious wretches! who could plunge a dagger into the breasts of their husbands. Only one, out of so many worthy of the nuptial torch, gloriously deceived her perjured father, and acquired a reputation that shall last through all future ages.

"Rise, said she to her young husband, rise, lest death come upon you from a hand that you nowise suspect. Deceive and give the slip to your father-in-law, and my wicked sisters; who, like so many lionesses that have seized upon young calves, destroy, alas! their own husbands. I, more humane than they, neither attempt your life, nor detain you here.

"Let my father load me with cruel chains, because I had the clemency to save my wretched husband; let him banish me to the most distant parts of Numidia. Fly, whither the winds and your good fortune carry you, while the night and Venus favour you; go with happy auspices, and remember to engrave upon my tomb an epitaph that shall convey to latest posterity your regret and my piety."—(Watson's translation, Book III., Ode XI., Horace's Odes.)

Ostensibly this Ode is addressed to and concerns *Lyde*, with whom Horace is supposed to be enamoured. But with that we have nothing to do, nor is it easy to understand why the story of the Danaids and the particular history of Hypermnestra is related to her, unless we are to understand that it is Mercury who is inspiring Horace with the object of fortifying Lyde against the poet's passion, by means of an example of virtue and piety. But one point strikes us at once—*it is the power and genius of poetry extolled and exampled in the person of Orpheus* which distinguishes the first part of the Ode, and even Mercury is invoked as a second Orpheus, who taught Amphion how to sing. Horace calls upon his own seven-stringed harp of Apollo, and points out how, when Orpheus played, the very powers of the infernal regions were mollified. The poet is alluding, of course, to the story of the descent of Orpheus to Hell, where he bent the stubborn soul of Pluto, and obtained of him his dear Eurydice. And then we are told that, moved by the sweetness of the verse of Orpheus, "*the urn of the Danaïdes remained for some time dry.*"

At this point we arrive at the second part of the Ode. At line twenty-five Mercury dictates to Horace the story of the fable of the Danaides, and particularly that part of it which relates to the splendid self-sacrifice of Hypermnestra, and her magnificent dissimulation.

This Ode of Horace, closely criticised, reveals the poet glorifying his art—the power of poetry over death and hell—illustrated by the example of Orpheus, and fitly addressed to Mercury, who, as the god of wisdom and eloquence, was besides the Psychopomp, or guardian of the ghosts in the nether world, and the guide with his wand to the Elysian fields. Horace refers to the last point in his Ode to Mercury (Book 1, Ode X). In effect, the Ode we are discussing exclaims: "What a wonderful gift, what a happy power, is that of poetry! For poetry is inspired by the wisdom and eloquence of Mercury, who taught Amphion, with his four-stringed lyre, and by the seven-stringed harp of Apollo also! Do you not see its power over Hell, death, and oblivion, as shown by Orpheus? And now I, Horace, am about to show you, Lyde, how, inspired by Mercury, my poetry is about to rescue Hypermnestra from Lethe, and give her immortality."

The student is begged to remark the importance of this parallel applied to the case of Lord Bacon. If he is compared

to the virtuous and pious Hypermnestra, *it is bécause poetry and wisdom can alone rescue him from the self-inflicted punishment caused by his glorious falsehood.* We are also given to understand by the parallel that whatever applies to Hypermnestra may be applied to Francis Bacon. It is therefore interesting to find Apollodorus saying that her father shut Hypermnestra up in a close prison; and she writes to the same effect to her husband Lynceus:

Clausa domo teneor, gravibusque coercita vinclis.

"I am shut up in prison, and loaded with heavy chains." In Ovid she dictates the epitaph which she would have Lynceus engrave upon her tomb:

Exul Hypermnestra, pretium pietatis iniquum
Quam morti fratri depulit, ipsa tulit.

"Exiled Hypermnestra has met with a very unjust recompense for her piety; she has lost her own life because she saved that of her husband."

Note that the first part of this Ode is devoted to the eulogy of Orpheus, which touches Bacon very closely, seeing that one of his fables in his Wisdom of the Ancients is entitled *Orpheus*, and also seeing that *Orpheus* was the founder of the Bacchic rites, out of which sprang the drama! Bacon alludes to *Orpheus Theatre*, upon page forty-nine of his *Advancement of Learning* (1640). Indeed, we Baconians believe this is a title applied esoterically to the entire 1623 Folio plays known as Shakespeare's. In Horace's praises of the powers of poetry and wisdom we may recognise the power Orpheus exercised over death, seeing he descended to the infernal regions in order to redeem a soul confined there, as Hypermnestra is, though unjustly.

The story of the Danaïdes is evidently a parable embracing arcane wisdom. The moral of their punishment is labour expended in vain, a sort of *Love's Labours Lost.* It stands to reason the parallel was instituted by some one who knew that Lord Verulam had sacrificed himself by a magnificent falsehood, and that his labours were in vain, and his self-inflicted punishment unjust. It is, indeed, Bacon's *Wisdom, or Mercury*, which he calls the "*Word of God*" (in his fable of Pan), which can

alone undo this punishment and rescue him from the underworld of his own art.

Est in Mercurio quicquid quærunt sapientes.

i.e., All is in Hermes that the wise seek.

It is important to furnish direct proof that Bacon's Advancement of Learning, or *De Augmentis*, is an esoteric or veiled work. Such a proof, furnished in the shape of a downright statement, may be found in the first English edition of the De Augmentis, viz. the Advancement of Learning, translated by Gilbert Watts, and published at Oxford 1640.

Let the reader pass over the Instauration Prefaces and introductions which terminate pages 60, 61. He will thereon find a series of synoptical tables of each of the nine books of the work, entitled, *Platforms of the Design.* At the end, and following the table of the ninth book, he will discover a final synoptical table of the entire work, with the following title at the top of the page:—

"*The Emanation of Sciences from the Intellectual Faculties of Memory, Imagination, Reason.*"

At the very foot of the page he will find these words:—The preparation to these books is *popular*, not *acroamatique*: Relates the prerogatives and derogations of Learning.—Liber I. (page 71).

Now, this is a very clever (because indirect) way of informing us, without too much noise, that Book number one is quite distinct in character from the succeeding eight books of the Advancement. Inasmuch as Liber I. is *popular* only, we are forced to infer *that the remaining eight books are acroamatique, and not popular!* It is therefore, very important for us to realize the meaning of this word. ἀκροᾶματικός (according to Liddell and Scott's Greek Dictionary) is equivalent in meaning to another Greek word ἐσωτερικος; meaning private, as was applied to the instructions and doctrines of Pythagoras. Plutarch is cited as using the expression αἱ ακρ διδασκαλίαι—*i.e.*, the esoteric doctrines of philosophers delivered orally (Plut. Alex. 7). In short, *Acroamatic* means *secret doctrine*, and like *esoteric*, was reserved for the initiates of the school of Pythagoras. It is related that this philosopher taught his pupils *from behind a drawn curtain.*

Lord Bacon writes:—"There is another use of parabolical poetry, opposite to the former, which tendeth to the folding up

of those things the dignity whereof deserves to be retired and distinguished *as with a drawn curtain"* (page 108, Adv. of Learning, 1640). But if this is not sufficient to satisfy the student, he will find another startling and more striking confirmation in *the Deficient of Bacon's New World of Sciences,* entitled, *" The Wisdom of Private Speech,"* which proves that Bacon had so far studied this particular point and subject as to raise it into a science!

If there be people who doubt whether any of Bacon's works are unacknowledged by his name, the following statement by Archbishop Tenison, to be found on page seventy-nine of *Baconiana, or Lord Bacon's Remains,* may enlighten them:— "Those who have true skill in the works of Lord Verulam, like great masters in painting, can tell by the *design, the strength,* the way of *colouring,* whether he was the author of this or the other piece, *though his name be not to it"* (Baconiana, p. 79, 1679).

Now, this is proof furnished by a divine of high standing (and published years after Bacon's death) that pieces were known to exist which were Bacon's writings, *but which did not bear his name!* The italics in which the words, *design, strength, colouring* are placed are not ours. It is easy to see by the language and allusions to *masters in painting,* that the writer has poetry in his mind's eye. The Sonnets—Ben Jonson—Bacon—each and all describe poetry as a species of painting!

In Bacon's 1625 Essay of *Simulation and Dissimulation,* we read:—

"There be three degrees of this *hiding and veiling of Man's Self.* The first, *Closeness, Reservation,* and *Secrecy;* when a man leaveth himself without observation, or without hold to be taken, what he is. The second, *Dissimulation,* in the negative; when a man lets fall signs and arguments that he is not, that he is. And the third, *Simulation,* in the affirmative; when a Man industriously and expressly feigns, and pretends to be, that he is not.

"For the first of these, *Secrecy.* It is, indeed, the virtue of a confessour; and assuredly, the *secret man* heareth many confessions; for who will open himself to a blab or babbler? But if a man be thought *secret,* it inviteth discovery, as the more close air sucketh in the open. And as in Confession the revealing is not for worldly use, but for the ease of a man's heart, so *secret* men come to the knowledge of many things in that kind; while

men rather discharge their minds, than impart their minds. In few words, *Mysteries* are due to *Secrecy.* Besides (to say Truth) *Nakedness is uncomely, as well in mind as body.*——Therefore, set it down, *that an habit of Secrecy is both politic and moral.* For the second, which is *Dissimulation,* it followeth many times upon *Secrecy* by a necessity, so that, he that will be *Secret* must be a *dissembler,* in some degree." (British Museum Copy, 1625).

This is a most important passage. For Bacon opens his Distribution Preface to the Instauration, with exactly the same word we find here already, viz., that "*Nakedness is uncomely as well in mind as body.*" (*Vid.* Distribution Preface in the Adv. of Learning, 1640). Now, Bacon's Distribution Preface is an explanation of the six parts of his Instauration. In the above essay we find that this remark about the uncomeliness of the naked mind, is a sort of conclusion, and in every sense in context with the subject of *closeness, reservation, and secrecy !*

We are, therefore justified in the induction that Bacon's entire Instauration has been written in a style of *closeness, reservation, and secrecy,* for the same thought, expressed in identical words, is found in this essay (a particular section thereof), upon "*the hiding and veiling of a man's self,*"—and in the opening words of the great Distribution Preface !

Let me remark here that this roundabout way of reserving his mind or intentions is what Bacon calls *proof in orb or circle* (*vid.* Thirty-fourth Deficient of the New World of Sciences upon *Analogia or judgment*). That is to say, he is never direct without reservation, *in one place,*—but leaves it for us to piece together the various fragments which bear upon the same subject. In this same essay we read—" For the first of these, *Secrecy.* It is, indeed, the virtue of a *confessor.*" Let me point out the parallel, that the greatest, and, perhaps, only perfect example of *hiding and veiling of a man's self* in the play, is that of the " Duke," in *Measure for Measure,* who plays the part of a confessor. Continuing from this essay :—" The great advantages of Simulation and Dissimulation are three. First, to lay asleep opposition and to surprise. For where a man's intentions are published, it is an alarum to call up all that are against them. The second is to reserve to a man's self a fair retreat."

It is to be observed that these two characters of Simulation and Dissimulation could be applied to Shakespeare and Bacon —Shakespeare pretending to be that which he was not, and Bacon forced to dissemble, or dissimulate, because of secrecy in

his intentions with regard to his instauration. However that may be, it is writ large in this essay, that Bacon *made a particular study of self-concealment in all its parts*, and this is the more striking, when we find in his essay upon Truth, unsparing detestation of falsehood, and the words—"The knowledge of Truth, which is the presence of it; and the belief of Truth, which is the enjoying of it; is the sovereign good of human nature."—(Truth).

Mr. Goodwin calls attention to the following lines of Ben Jonson:—

> "Call, noble Shakespere, then for wine,
> And let *thy* looks with gladness shine;
> Accept this garland, plant it on *thy* head
> And think, nay know, *thy* origin's not dead:
> *He* leap'd the present age,
> Possessed with holy rage
> To see that bright eternal day;
> Of which we priests and poets say,
> Such truths, as we expect for happy men:
> And there *he* lives with memory and Ben."
>
> (*Baconiana*, Oct. 1897, Shakespeare's *Sonnets*, p. 186.)

I take the liberty to point to the hint given in the fourth line:—

> "And think, nay know, *thy origin's not dead.*"

To most people the suggestion of *another individual*, as the origin or fountainhead, feeding Shakespeare's supposed genius, yet concealed, must be so obvious that comment on this line may seem almost impertinence. Nevertheless, as the verses are ambiguously written, and open to discussion, it may not be amiss to point out a few facts. Observe that Shakespeare is addressed in the second person *as present*, but "*thy origin*" is addressed *in the third person as somebody not present to the writer.* If Shakespeare had been the "*origin*," Ben Jonson would have employed the word *thou*:—

> *Thou* hast lept the present age.

The pronoun "*he*" is twice introduced; and Ben Jonson is not thinking of Shakespeare in the last line, else he would have said:—

> And there *thou liv'st* with memory and Ben.

But the entire context is big with our argument, which is for dull ears only. To leap the present age means to be nothing (in that age) with regard to what the writer connects with Shakespeare; it is the *future age* with which Shakespeare's *origin* is identified. In Latin the word *origo* means the source, beginning, original, or moving cause. We find it used by Roman writers in the sense of founder, in context sometimes with concealment and imposture. For example, Horace writes:—

"Fontium *origines* celat Nilus."—(*Hor.* Od. IV., 14-45.)

Paterculus:—

"Pseudophilippus appellatus a mendacio, simulatæ originis." (I, 11, 6.)

Ben Jonson intends to convey in a guarded way the hint that Shakespeare's fame was spurious or derived—*a mere copy of an original*, who had sacrificed the present for the sake of being discovered by posterity!

In support of this poem by Ben Jonson, another by him upon *Poet Ape* may be fitly introduced here:—

ON POET APE.

Poor poet Ape, that would be thought our chief,
Whose works are e'en the frippery of wit,
From brokage has become so bold a thief,
That we the robbed have rage and pity it.
At first he made low shifts, would pick and glean,
By the reversion of old plays.—(Epigrams, 51.)

This is evidently a *play manager*—just what Shakespeare was! Old plays are only purchased for the sake of representation. Besides being a theatrical manager, this *Poet Ape* lays claim to be *our chief*—another hint for Shakespeare. In this striking picture we may perceive a certain sort of progress in pilfering—which commenced by mere *brokage* and *purchase*—and ends by *bold theft*, and downright claim to supremacy! Certainly this last poem differs from the first, in which Ben Jonson calls Shakespeare *noble*. But, understand, these two poems were written *at widely different periods*, the last, perhaps, after Ben Jonson had discovered the impudence of the imposter poet, and all is explained!

The first poem bears evidence of Ben Jonson's intention to remind Shakespeare to be modest, and remember that the real

genuine Shakespeare was not dead ; the second poem is addressed to a man who, having grown bold in power and audacity, had cast aside all scruple, and who posed for what he pretended to be, without regard to honesty of purpose, or the rightful claim of others—a downright literary thief ! It is here to be remarked that Ben Jonson associates himself with the origin of Shakespeare in some fraternity of priestly and poetical brotherhood :—

> Of which *we priests and poets say,*
> Such truths as we expect for happy men :
> And there he lives with memory and Ben.

This society may be refound, I think, in Chester's "Love's Martyr." They were the brethren of the Rosy Cross.

W. W.

MONTAIGNE AND SHAKSPERE.

By J. M. Robertson.*

A CAREFULLY handled treatise and cleverly worked out, the author has evidently taken a good deal of trouble and labour in collecting his material and shaping it. The subject and aim of the book is (briefly) an endeavour to trace the extent and period of the influence that Montaigne's essays had upon the plays of Shakspere—an influence which is made evident at first sight by comparing certain passages of either author. The plays that appear to be most thoroughly impregnated with Montaigne's views and philosophy are *Hamlet, Othello, Coriolanus,* and *Measure for Measure.* The subject, as Mr. Robertson himself informs us, is no new one ; for, "that Shakspere in one scene in the *Tempest* versifies a passage from the prose of Florio's translation of Montaigne's chapter of the cannibals has been recognised by all the commentators since Capell (1767), who detected the transcript from a reading of the French only." The play that Mr. Robertson has specially treated is *Hamlet.* Of the first quarto edition of that play, published piratically in 1603, there is not much to be noticed in connection with the essays, but in 1604, when the second quarto was issued, with many alterations and

* Published by the University Press. Price 5s.

additions, ideas and phrases used may easily be identified, some of the most striking of which are given below. *Hamlet*, V., ii.

> "There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
> *Rough hew* them how we will."

Cp. Montaigne, III., 8. "My consultation doth somewhat *roughly hew* the matter, and by its first shew lightly consider the same; the main and chief point of the work I am wont to resign to heaven." Similar ideas of divinity shaping man's ends are to be found in several other places in both authors. Other striking coincidences of expression are "Discourse of reason," found twice in *Hamlet*, I., ii.; and in *Troilus and Cresida* the same expression appears again, II, ii.; "Discourse of thought," in *Othello*, IV., ii.; and "Discourse," in *Hamlet's* last soliloquy, IV., iv. The phrase "discourse of reason" appears at least four times in Florio's translation, I., 19; II., 4; II., 12; and II., 33. With one more quotation I will pass on from this point. This is the word consummation used in *Hamlet's* soliloquy on suicide. Florio has, "If it (death) be a consummation of one's being, it is also an amendment and entrance into a long and quiet night. We find nothing so sweet in life as a quiet and gentle sleep, and without dreams." It is hard to explain the barefaced manner in which Shakspere steals from Montaigne. Mr. Robertson's solution of the difficulty is that Shakspere was a deep student and reader of Montaigne, *vide* the fact of a copy of Florio's translation extant with Shakspere's autograph in it, and also that quite possibly he read it in the original tongue, which seems like drawing a bow at a venture, as I believe it is generally received that it is very doubtful whether Shakspere ever went to school at all, let alone being able to write, the only authentic signatures being palpably an extreme endeavour and labour and totally unlike. This fact renders it extremely unlikely that a man who could barely sign his name to his will should trouble himself about writing his name in a book which had no charm at all for him. For apart from the plays (which do not even bear his name and were never claimed by him), there is nothing in his life to justify the belief that he ever wrote a line. Passing on Mr. Robertson continues, "I have said above that we seem to see passing from Montaigne to Shakspere a vibration of style as well as thought. A writer affects us often more by the pulse and pressure of his speech than by his matter. Such an action is indeed the secret

of all great literary reputation, and in no author of any age are the cadence of phrase and the bent of words more provocative of attention than in Montaigne. They must have affected Shakspere as they have done so many others. . . . This fact of Montaigne's peculiar influence on other spirits comparatively considered may make it easier for some to conceive that his influence on Shakspere could be so potent as has been above asserted. Amongst those whom we know him to have acted upon in the highest degree, setting aside the disputed case of Bacon, are Pascal, Montesquieu, Rousseau, Flaubert, Emerson, and Thoreau. Why, may I ask, does Mr. Robertson set aside Bacon? Not only was he a contemporary of Montaigne, but at the time of the publication of these essays his brother, Antony Bacon, was residing in France, whilst Francis himself went there in the train of Sir Amyas Paulet about the year 1579. There are deductions to be drawn from this which I will leave to the reader. Let him also consider the *racy English of Florio's so-called translation*, and compare it with Bacon's also racy English. The style, which I believe consists of words, expressions, and modes of thought, will be found to be almost identical in both authors. Mr. Robertson's final conclusion is to this effect, that the influence of Montaigne on Shakspere was not a mere transference or imposition of opinions, but a living stimulus, a germination of fresh intellectual life which developed under new forms. As regards the general and final relation of Shakspere's thought to that of Montaigne it may be summarised as follows, that though in certain points, Shakspere does not agree with Montaigne, still, on the whole, he agrees with him inasmuch as he is an agnostic, and has but small beliefs in a future life, views probably existent before, but intensified by Montaigne, and to quote Mr. Robertson's own words, Shakspere sounded a further depth of philosophy than Montatgne's unembittered cosmopolitan view of things. The charge of agnosticism is based on this: the plays of *Hamlet*, *Measure for Measure*, and others are mostly old plays re-written by Shakspere. The speeches dealing with religion are reproductions from the old plays, the new matter being in the nature of the pagan allusion to "the divinity that shapes our ends." What is definitely Shakesperian is just the agnostic conclusion. The examples and arguments are too lengthy to be entered upon here, and I can only refer the reader to the book, which will be worth his while to peruse, and which opens up a wide field of study. I

think that it may perhaps be a matter of interest to some to see the following inscription, which Mrs. Pott has kindly sent me.

Translation of the Greek inscription on the monument erected to the memory of Michel de Montaigne, "à la Faculté des Sciences et des lettres; cours 'Victor Hugo'" at Bordeaux.

"O thou who gazest upon my monument and my name, and who askest,—Is Montaigne dead?—Cease to be horrified! For this tomb is not mine. Fine figure, noble birth, wealth that which none can need greater; Honour, Power, and Influence, the passing toy of pleasure.

"From heaven I descended, a god-like scion in the land of chains. Neither the light sages of Greece—nor the three of Rome, but I alone! the only one in a whole nation, through the depth of my knowledge, and by the blooming of erudition; I who also through the wisdom of belief in Christ have overcome the scepticism of Pyrrho, so that the envy of Hellar and Ausonius are also overcome. I myself putting an end to envious strife, mounted into the realms of the immortals, and returned to my native country." L. BIDDULPH.

"MANES VERULAMIANI."

Conclusion.

IN the following translations it has been considered desirable as much as possible, to compress the remaining pieces into a small compass. No attempt has therefore been made to versify the lines, which are translated almost literally.

TO SIR FRANCIS BACON, ATTORNEY TO THE KING.—*Strena.*

Listen, you new-born Time. Devouring Age attend. Neither the Father favours thee, nor the Son born of thee—cruelly dost thou hide thyself in an obscure stony tomb, losing together both thy name and fame. Give Ear, O Solemn Religion, insolent Time, to vows which I, as a prophet, pay to him, Patron of the public, and my own. He, seeing thee above, the world beneath him, tottering and reeling with a thousand turns, seeing

vicissitudes, continual change of follies, whilst still constant himself, he offered to our Age a mighty prop; he was one called by necessity to readjust the balance, after these wandering, whirling, motions, and with a care for all the country's weal.

'Twas he compelled the due administration of justice, public business, a practice formerly denied by malice, avarice. By an eternal vow, I thereby dedicate myself to this perpetual pillar—Constancy—the which, O Tyrant Time, howe'er thou storm and rage, shall ne'er be changed by thy destructive fury. Nor is this saying nothing more than words :—"*You cannot change me though you ruin me.*"

BURRHUS.

The obscure passage at the beginning of this piece seems to mean that no thanks were due, either to the learning of the past century (*the Father*), nor the present century (*the Son*), for the New Philosophy and Literature everywhere springing up. This was Francis Bacon's own "Child," "the Heir of his Invention," the "New Birth of Time," the Second Revival of Learning to which he devoted his whole life and strength, "Constant as the Polar Star," "Constant to his purposes," unchanged even in ruin.

The headline assures us that these lines were written long before Bacon's death—if even his death did take place at the date assigned, namely, 1626. The present writer has found strong reasons for doubting the correctness of this date. In 1626 Francis Bacon *died to the world.* Had he truly died, where is any register of his death and burial? Where was he buried? Who saw him die? Who attended his funeral? With so many friends to write his elegies, was there not one to record his latest words, or to describe the place and circumstances of his burial, however quiet and private it may have been? It seems certain that he was *not* buried at St. Michael's Church, St. Alban's, either in the vaults beneath, or (unless cremated) in the monument. Surely this is a matter which should be thoroughly inquired. In a certain circle the facts are doubtless perfectly well known; but since we, the "profane vulgar," are carefully excluded from the chief portal of knowledge, we must mine the foundations, scale the walls, or enter by any back way which we may be able to discover for ourselves. It may, perhaps, afford some clue or hint to other searchers, if we state the opinion (not a fixed belief) that Francis Bacon must

have lived beyond the year 1640, perhaps no longer than 1641. The latter date would make him eighty at the time of his death, and this would give point to the comparison of him to Nestor, and also to the otherwise rather unmeaning line (at the beginning of an Elegy published in a previous number of this Magazine) :—"*If any man doubt that thou hast numbered eighty Decembers*," etc. The poet seems to hint at the dulness or ignorance of him who doubts that the great Bacon was venerable and aged as Nestor.

The author of this "*Strena*" was a Sir John Burroughs, a clever, remarkable personage, of whom we shall have something to say if space is allowed in future numbers for chapters on the writers of the Elegies, and on the friends and collaborators of Francis Bacon. When books by him were published, or made to pass for his, Burroughs latinised his own name into *Burrhus*, as signed in this instance. He died at Oxford in 1643, *in which year his name first appeared as an Author*. This, as we see, was many years subsequent to the writing of the present lament. The book in question, "*Impetus Juveniles*," consists chiefly of Epistles addressed to Sir Francis Bacon, and to several of his friends,—Sir Thomas Farnaby, Sir Henry Spelman (and others), into whose private history it would be well to make close inquiries.

"To the Man, greater than all praise can reach, Francis Bacon, my sole venerated Patron."

Thus is it, Poets, with those to whom Fortune assigned, at their birth, vain, empty arts, with neither wealth, household, nor substance. May I, then, gird myself with modesty, for I know neither the chinking of coin nor the loaded board—as an island floating in a sea of broth, but destitute of meat.* May they (the poets), living upon their own produce, be granted the taste of just so much wine as may suffice to moisten, when dry, the (palate of) the God of Art. Those who snatch at the spice and seasonings of life—the skirmishes of words which in the Arts stir strife—all that they catch they forthwith write in verse, thinking that ample credence is obtained by measuring feigned deeds with praise of song. Hence, not unfairly, we esteem

* This obscure passage has also been interpreted "of jingling words and verbosity and of the flesh or body exiled—floating in a sea of difficulty or ignorance."

those men unequal to their virtuous qualities, whom Poesy—skilled architect of speech—fashions but at random on her anvil. But what have I to fear from such as these? Stay, Pomp and Envy! Listen, Flattery! and hear all you, with your ill-gotten gains; for you are not ashamed, although unwilling to help unfold these great mysterious things.

O Bacon! Literature's star, honey-sweet wine, glory of eloquence, learning, law, who breathed forth the breath of poetry, illustrious wast thou by their parents' stock, but greater far by qualities inborn, and gifts which cannot come by arbitrary chance. Now, Briton's laws stand firm for future times, freed from the ills Antiquity did brand; from laws, indeed, which were too rudely taught.

We (poets) mere camp-followers of Apollo, are yet a race untaught by learned men, making mere patchworks, smatterings of our art.

Poor wretches! You who speak of all our labours as nothing more than dreams and fantasies, now hearken to the Books and Treatises, children of Bacon—children of him who puts the ancients all to shame, claiming for him Posterity's sure admiration. Where else does such an august majesty flourish, commanding language all so sweet, persuasive, comely? And where else are contained such manifold meanings, wrapped in lines so brief, or bound up in so calm a chain of speech? Or trite sayings, from sources old and new, taken and easily made so fit for commom use, yet so as ever to seem fresh and new?

Again, I say, my Patron, that nowhere, excepting in thy writings and thy books, do these (thy varied graces) shine in words. For those who toil and plod in writer's work seem mostly to assume the stoic style, or style still cheaper, easier, of the pedant. And to this cause the difference is due, that *whilst with them their style governs their subject, with you your subject ever governs your style.*

Hence is it that, with charm and gravity, thou alone art able at one time to pour forth floods of wisdom; at another, and with mellower wit (perchance, presiding at thy table), thou dost display such proofs of highest genius, knowledge still rarer and more wonderful, that, quite neglecting all the feast at table, by having tasted this food of the mind, we are struck by surprise to find that words like thine are more sustaining far than common food.

Who that loves discourse and wit but would be gladly bound

in chains like these, bonds and no bonds (of love and mutual knowledge)? There is a thing which knits me closer still; it is that, though thou art a man destined by Fate to live for the well-being of our Race, and for the World of Letters, yet even to me thou hast not disavowed thyself. Not to unmeriting me dost thou deny thy knowledge, though weighing in the sterner balance of thy genius my weak abilities, and powers of mind and body. I know that nothing can be met with anywhere worthy of thee, O greatest, best of Patrons!

Yet, perchance, my rural country, under a kindlier star, shall yield perennial fruit. Meanwhile, all that is purifying, all possible, or that is accomplished, thy Burrhus dedicates, proclaims, and vows it all to thee.

Most truly beholden to thy Name,
JOHN BURRHUS.
Afterward Golden Knight and Chief Herald, Member of the Garter.

This excellent and pithy summary of our Poet's literary graces contains one sentence, which we have italicised. It re-echoes Bacon's words about style:—"*Style should be according to the subject matter.*" A hard saying to those who have but little variety of matter, and none of style. How frequently do we hear it asserted that "Bacon could not have written *Shakespeare*, because the styles are so entirely dissimilar." Certainly our mightiest Poet and noblest Orator would not adopt for the style of his Comedies, Tragedies, Sonnets, and heroic Verse, the "style" of his Law Tracts, Scientific Treatises, or even of his pithiest Essays. Yet the poetry is in the Essays, the Science in the Plays; and the Love songs, the Vocabulary, the peculiarities of Grammar, the Antitheses, the Quibbles, the Epigrams, Axioms, Analogies, Comparisons, Metaphors, Similes, and all else that makes up beautiful language, are everywhere. "Time, that great arbiter," will prove these things.

John Burroughs also bears witness to the truth of Dr. Wm. Rawley's record that the dinner-parties of Francis Bacon were rather refections of the mind than of the stomach. He knew even of gentlemen who took notes of this table-talk (was John Selden one of these?), and the evidence of Ben Jonson is to the same effect. Men could not cough or turn aside their heads lest for an instant they should lose the words which fell from his lips.

In eudem Virum Eloquentissimum.

Viderit utilitas, monita meliora,* sed adde ex Ithaca,† faudi fictor,‡ et omne tenes.

E. F. Regal.

We have printed these lines in the original Latin because their meaning seems obscure, and there may be differences of opinion as to their drift. The most suggestive translation submitted to us is, we think, the following, in which it will be observed that much has to be read between the lines:—

Translation.—If you wish to understand Bacon, it is useful to see (the motto) "*monita meliora,*" give sage counsel. But add to this a composer of fiction, and you understand him altogether, understand his whole character.

To the Author of the Instauration.

Through the destruction and ruin of the old Authors must thou speedily erect the trophies of thine own fame, cut down a sacrifice almost offered which one may think ill-omened. Surely thy right hand bestows value on the oracle, and blood issues from the wound, so that honour may enter.

O, how happy are they who can follow thy camp! By thy example (we learn) that it is good to die.

At length, we ask him, "Who art thou?" For he walks not every day showing the same face.—"Dost thou extinguish in order to kindle?—Knowest thou not of Death?—Listen (to the answer as to who and what he is)—

Prince of Imagination or Ideas; High-Priest of Truth; Lord of Induction, and of Verulam; Sole Master of Things, not (solely) of Arts; a Torch of Erudition and of Elegance; the intimate Inspector of Nature's inmost parts; Treasure-house of Philosophy; Searcher of occult experiments and speculations; the Standard-bearer of Equity (in Law), Emancipator of the Sciences, before deficient and in pupilage; Store-house of Light, 'tis he who puts to rout Idols and clouds of the mind; Companion of the Sun; a square of certainty; scourge of sophistry;

* *Monita meliora* was Bacon's motto, and is still the motto of the Earls of Verulam.

† "Penelope.—All the yarn she spun in Ulysses' absence did but fill Ithaca full of moths." (*Cor i.* 3.)

‡ Virgil *faudi fictor Ulysses.*—Is this allusion to F. B. as a writer of fiction a quibble?

a literary Brutus stripping off Tyranny from Authority; Stupendous Arbiter of Reason and of Feeling; a polisher (with pummice) of the mind; Atlas incarnate; Hercules subduing Aristotle (the Stagyrite); Noah's Dove, which, finding no place of rest in the Arts of antiquity, returned to repose in his own mind, as in the Ark.

He had the keenness of a boring tool; he was a Child of Time born from his Mother, Truth; he was the Hive of Honey; Sole Priest of the world and human souls. Secure from errors in things of Nature; as a grain of mustard, which, sharp to the taste (of others) increases by itself.

O, me, most weary of life! May ye of the After Ages be able to delight in him.

The anonymous author here alludes to Bacon's early intention of raising up a new literature from the ruins of the old. The Rosicrucian allegory of the Six Dead Kings, their revival, and the hatching of the Phœnix Egg all tell the same tale. The wisdom of the Ancients, of Egypt, of Arabia, Persia, Judea, Greece, Rome, was to be, as Bacon himself declared, in a sense destroyed, though revived; that from its ruins a new literature should arise.

Observe in this poem the statement that men inquired who was this author? "*For he walks not every day showing the same face.*"

Concerning the Recent Flood.

"Eridanus let loose his swollen streams of waters, and when he loosed them, the terror of the people was great. Trembling to think of the awful catastrophe of Pyrrah, they believed that the flood would extend as before. That grief was most bitter, and so were the tears, for the funeral that was to follow with new sacrificial rites; and, forsooth, in like manner streams of tears must flow forth from the whole human race, and from man's grieving heart, at thy death and thy funeral rites.

JAMES.

This rather conventional and uninteresting piece was probably written by Thomas James, M.A., of New College, Oxford, who early showed a strong taste for collecting and arranging books and MSS., and who, having thus ingratiated himself with Sir Thomas Bodley, was by him appointed the first Keep of the Bodleian Library.

This short poem has for its *motif*, the "Flood" (of books?) which in other places is said almost to threaten the world with destruction, by its overwhelming, though much-needed, abundance.

Lamentation on the death of Lord Fras. Bacon, Vis. St. Alban, most learned in all things, most illustrious of men.

"O, house of St. Alban (and thou its martyr) weep for the death of the ever-revered aged Man of Verulam, greatest of martyrs. Mourn thou to whom no more grievous misfortune has happened since that terrible *ensnaring in the net.*"

The words placed in italics are a not quite satisfactory rendering of the Greek-Latin word Amphibalum (or Amphiballon), a netting round or encirclement (*See Matt. IV.*, 18). The allusion is obscure, but it seems to mean that nothing so sad as Bacon's death had ocurrred since he had been *benetted*, or drawn into the toils of enemies, who laid traps to entangle him and to ensure his ruin for their own ends. The writer wisely wraps up in occult language, a sentiment which might have proved perilous to himself. He also omits to add a signature.

The works of Bacon are called to the tomb.

Great indeed is the "Great Instauration"—its axioms keen and wise—the product of twin sciences, and of writings handed down from generation to generation. Thence much has been expanded in the Latin tongue; profound study of the History of Life and Death, anointed or sprinkled in the Stream of Nectar, the honey of Athens. Nor must I be silent concerning the "History of Henry VIIth," or indeed of any other matter touching the Fine Arts, or perchance *other works still of which I am ignorant*, but which the active mind of the mighty Bacon has brought forth.

Now that a tenth muse is added to you, nine, submit yourselves one and all to the funeral flames. Furnish (by your own burning) a bright light to the Father of you all. These are not ages worthy to enjoy you. Ah, what a master have we lost! Ah, what disgrace we suffer! S. COLLINS, R.C.P.

Note the hint which we have placed in italics, of "other works" unacknowledged. Note also this repeated allusion to Francis Bacon as "the Tenth Muse."

Concerning the death of that most honoured man, Fras. Bacon, Earl of Verulam, &c.

Then, shall we weep for thee who could'st immortalise the Muses? Could'st even thou, O BACON, die? No longer, then, enjoy this upper world. Nor wind nor air are worthy of thy writings!

At last, forsooth, he would propitiate the mad, unconquerable Fates with a too early grave,—and he has shown us that these rough, unworthy Fates have set (in his esteem) a value far too high on these cheap triumphs. To this unwonted curse one single day was cause of greater sorrow, than was the whole of any previous year. R. L.

This piece has in it nothing noteworthy excepting the remark that Bacon could "immortalise the Muses." Not his Philosophy, not his Learning or Judgment, but his Poetry was his glory—the indestructible memorials of his genius.

The writer who signs himself R. L. was probably Robert Lee, Lea, Ligh, or Leigh (for the family spelt their names variously). His name occurs more than once in Henslowe's diary, and several members of his family were correspondents or associates of Francis and Anthony Bacon, some also figuring in Henslowe's diary, and in the Lambeth letters, some in connection with Essex, and with the founding of Virginia, as well as in the accounts of Stationers' Hall. (See publications of the first Shakespeare Society, and Spedding's "*Life and Letters of Francis Bacon, ii.* 170, 171, *&c.*, 256, *&c.*, *vi.* 205, 273, *and vii.* 215, *&c.* In the last of these, Sir J. Lea, Lee, Leigh, or Ley, then Chief Justice of Ireland, is highly eulogised by Bacon.)

On the Death of that most noble Lord FRANCIS BACON, once Keeper of the Great Seal of England.

How now! Has strife sprung up amongst the gods? Has aged Saturn summoned his son and rival, Jove, before the court of law, once more endeavouring to regain his kingdom? But failing there to find an advocate, he quits the starry dwelling and proceeds to earth, where quickly he has come upon a man who is his equal, Bacon, to wit, and with his scythe having now mown him down, he has compelled him to decide the suit between himself and his son Jupiter, amongst the angels. But yet again; have the gods need of Bacon's wisdom? or has Astrea left them? Thus it is, she is gone; deserting e'en the stars in future closely waiting upon Bacon.

Saturn himself not a happier age of happy years, not even those called "golden"—*for these are poetic ages*—than we did then when Bacon judged. Surely the deities, with an envious eye, regarding this our blissful happiness, desired to take away this common source of joy.

So he is gone—is gone! It is enough in these words to proclaim my grief. I say not, "*He is dead.*" Why need we mourn in black? See, see, our reed pen flows with darkest stain, the fountain of the Muses will dry up itself, parting itself into so many tears, and intimating grief in many an April shower. The winds, discordant brethren, rage more insultingly, not one in groaning limits his deep-drawn sighs.

O thou who in lifetime wast so good to all, how all things living seem to have loved thee here, and how they seem now to lament thy death!

HENRY OCKLEY.

Again, we are forced to observe that the age in which Bacon flourished was the happiest since the golden age, *because it was poetic.* That this poetry was due to Bacon himself is made plain by the description of the gods, jealous at mortals' happiness, removing him because he was the source of this peculiar happiness. Yet says the writer cautiously, *I say not,* "*He is dead.*" The words suggest the same thought as has already been expressed (See *ante,* comments upon the first piece in this collection.)

Records of the Mysteries of the Most Honourable Lord Frans. Earl of Verulam, Vis. St. Albans, at the place of business of John Haviland, 1626. To the Reader S——

Anything of especial value that my most honourable Lord Vis. St. Albans produced for himself, that I believe him to have preserved for the delight of scholars and men of letters. Wherefore, let records of love and tokens of grief show how the loss of him saddens their hearts. Nor, it is true, have the muses in niggardly fashion erected this testimony to him, for I preserve in my house the most and the best of the verses. But he delighted not in quantity, I have not reared to him a great structure. Let it suffice to have laid as it were that foundation in the name of the present age; a future generation will beautify and complete this work. But to whatsoever century it may be granted to add the final touch, it is enough that to God alone is given to know the time.

G. RAWLEY, S.T.D.

This last piece deserves close attention, and should afford a stepping stone to further advance in our explorations. At the outset the writer (probably a brother of Bacon's secretary and chaplain, Dr. William Rawley ?) declares that his short document concerns "Records of the *Mysteries*" of Francis Bacon. This is an echo of the words of "Ben Jonson" in his ode on the birthday of his great master :—

"Thou stand'st as though *a mystery* thou didst."

Yet, with evidence here and everywhere of mysteries connected with Bacon, mysteries which when followed up are traceable to him as the central point in the labyrinth, the secret spring and motive power in the vast and complex machinery—there are still those who would have us believe that all is open and aboveboard; that there are no mysteries in the arts and crafts of printing, designing, and their affiliated trades and manufactures—no mysteries in our great public libraries and museums—no mysteries concerning the revision and publication of the Bibles of the 17th century—none concerning the authors of the mass of magnificent literature, and the deluge of works compiled, translated, paraphrased, abridged, spread abroad into all lands, and whether translated or no, bearing still certain hall marks or indelible

stamps, unforgeable signatures, ever-recognisable touches from the hand of the mighty Poet. The Poet—again in these few lines of G. Rawley we find an ambiguous passage :—"I preserve in my house *the most and the best of the verses.*"

"What verses?" we ask. A careless reader would, perhaps, conclude that G. Rawley had preserved in his house the most and best of the verses written in praise of Bacon. But is this a satisfactory conclusion? If this man had the collection of Eulogies and Elegies, would not Dr. William Rawley, who was most closely and inwardly intimate with Bacon, and whose name is placed in the front, as the collector and publisher of the *Manes Verulamiani*—would not he have made sure that "the most and the best" of these Elegies were inserted?

To the mind of the present writer this Record, written at the place of business of John Haviland, the publisher, expresses clearly, though as usual, *ambiguously*, that the most and the best of Bacon's own verses were in 1626, preserved in the house of G. Rawley (who probably chiefly by the help of John Haviland) had managed to publish them. Thus the Muses would, indeed, have erected to Bacon the foundation of a great structure, the base of such a pyramid as the Poet-philosopher endeavoured to rear. But note—the writer was well aware that no one generation would suffice for the completion of so mighty a work; he looked to a future age to beautify and complete it. We cannot refrain from repeating the last words penned in this place by G. Rawley. Either the disciple had been excellently well instructed, or we are listening to the voice of the Great Master himself:—

"To whatsoever century it may be granted to add the final touch, it is enough that to God alone is given to know the time."

Members of The Bacon Society are much indebted to Dr. George Cantor, Mathematical Professor at the twin Universities of Halle and Wittenburg. He was the first to draw public attention to these *Manes Verulamiani*, which he observed in a copy of the "Harleian Miscellany," and which he has reprinted in the original Latin. We desire to draw particular attention to this pamphlet, and to the Preface by Dr. Cantor. The title is as follows:—

"Die Rawley'sche Sammlung von Zweiunddreissig Trauergedichten auf Francis Bacon
Ein Zeugniss zu Gunsten der Bacon-Shakespeare Theorie.
Mit einem Vorwort herausgegeben von George Cantor, Halle, 1897. Max Niemeyer."

This collection affords one more proof (were any needed) of the "mystery" and conspiracy of silence which is maintained in regard to everything connected with Francis Bacon. Will it now be pretended that these poems were unknown to the learned —the initiated Baconians? Or will they be designated as mere hyperbolical compliments, meaning nothing particular? We can hardly conceive that such folly will be endured. Six of the pieces were, as we have already stated, printed in the fine edition of Bacon's most important scientific work, the "Advancement of Learning" (*the Map of all his works*), in 1640. The whole thirty-two pieces, with a number of "characters" which we hope to reprint, appeared collectively in Blackbourne's folio edition of Bacon's Life and Works, published 1738. How many learned men, think you, had a hand in these repeated reprints? How many must have read those large and costly volumes? The Latin must have been the only cause why humbler students were repelled, or led to pass them over.

But how can we account for the silence with regard to these remarkable records of men like Dr. Rawley himself?—of Dr. Birch and Hepworth Dixon, that industrious rummager amongst old documents, that enthusiastic biographer of Francis Bacon? Still more, what shall we say of James Spedding, of all men most painstaking, true, and loving in his devotion to his noble subject? Is it possible that the omission of the "*Manes*" in these and other instances was accidental? "We," the present writer, maintain it to be impossible. On the contrary, we believe that all such omissions, all "errors" in important indexes, mystifications about the depositaries of Baconian manuscripts, relics—in short, all feigned ignorance on any of our subjects—are merely parts of a method, most useful when first contrived, now deceptive, useless, and exasperating to the serious searcher after truth.

Where are the Rawley MSS.? One would suppose this to have been an easy question to answer, seeing that many of these MSS. are in print. Far otherwise; until recently we

have found no clue to their whereabouts, and our most friendly librarians have assured us that they "could not tell."

We hope, however (perhaps even in time for this number), to be able to declare their hiding-place. If not, the cause will be that there is a force at work capable of suppressing the information. In that case we will publish the particulars discovered, and trust to time to bring about some beneficent change in present methods whereby the name and fame of Francis Bacon are shut up, as in a vault, instead of being kept green in the memory of mankind, in the full light of that sunshine which he loved so well, and to which his dearest friends compared him.

C. M. P.

A GREEK ANAGRAM.

THE following anagram and lines were given to me a little time ago, and came (I believe) from the correspondence of Antony Bacon at the Lambeth Palace Library. They may, perhaps, be of interest to readers of *Baconiana*.

Ἀνάγραμμα.

Ἀντώνιος ὁ Βάκων.
Ἆ, Κάτων, βίος νοῶν.

Ὡς δὴ παλιμπαις ἐστι πόλλακις γερων,
Γεροντομῖμος ἡ νεότης τοὔμπαλιν·
Πολλοὶ μέν εἰσιν οἱ γέροντες ἄφρονες,
Πολλοὺς δ' ἐθάμβουν πανσόφους δέρκων νέους
Τοὺς εὐροοῦντος οἰακοστρόφους βίου.
Οἵαξ φρενήρης τοῖσδε, τοῦ θεοῦ φόβος·
Οὗτοι Κάτωνες, καὶ μόνοι, κἀτήτυμοι.
Καὶ γὰρ φρονοῦντες οἱ θεὸν φοβούμενοι.
Ὁ δῆτα τούτου νοῦν κενὸς φόβου κυρῶν
Ὀρθοῦ γ' ἐκεῖνος κάρτα νοῦ κενὸς κυρεῖ.
Φρονήσις ἄφρων ἐστι κἀβελτηρία
Ὑπέρογκος, ἀχλὺς, τὸ φρονεῖν τούτου δίχα.
Οὗτος γὰρ ἀρχὴ καὶ τέλος φρονήσεως.
Ἔνεστιν οὗτός σοι, Βάκων, τούτου χάριν
Βοᾷν πάρεστιν, Ἆ Κάτων, βίος νοῶν.

As I do not think it is possible to give an adequate rendering of the anagram *Ἀντώνιος ὁ βάκων . . . Ἆ, κάτων, βίος νοῶν* in English, I merely give the translation, "Antony Bacon . . . Oh, Cato of wise life."

Translation of 15 lines following the anagram:—

"As age often turns once again to childhood, So youth is often a mimic of age. Though old age is generally

devoid of wisdom, I wondered when I saw how full of wisdom was youth, and the harbinger [architects of their fortune] of success in life. To these men the fear of God is a sure guide; they are Catoes, unique men and true. For wise indeed are they that fear God. He, then, whose heart is void of this fear, is also far removed from an upright heart. For *wisdom is vain and a folly puffed up, and a blinding mist, wisdom that knows not the fear of God.* But the fear of God is power indeed, and the consummation of wisdom. This hast thou Bacon; so may we well exclaim: Oh, Cato of wise life."

There are one or two points worthy of notice in these lines—(I.) An apparent echo of the last six lines of the soliloquy of "Jacques" in *As you like it*, act II. scene vii. (II.) To Colossians ii. 8, of which Bacon in Adv. of Learning, Bk. I., talking of the disparagement of learning at the hands of divines, politicians, and sometimes in the errors and imperfections of learned men themselves, says:—

"I hear the former sort say that knowledge is of those things which are to be accepted of with great limitation and caution; that the aspiring to overmuch knowledge was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man; that knowledge . . . maketh him *swell* (scientia inflat); that Solomon gives a censure 'that there is no end of making books,' etc.; and again, 'that in spacious knowledge there is much contristation, and that he that increaseth knowledge increaseth anxiety,' and that St. Paul gives a caveat 'that we be not spoiled through *vain philosophy*.' That experience demonstrates how learned men have been arch heretics, etc."

The defence that Bacon sets up against these may be summarised thus:—"Let those places (quotations) be rightly understood, and they do indeed excellently set forth the true bounds and limitations, whereby human knowledge is confined and circumscribed. [Eccl. xx. 3, Prov. xx. 27, 1st Corinth. viii. 2 and xiii. 2]. And yet without any such contracting or coarctation, but that it may comprehend all the universal nature of things; for these limitations are three; the first, that we do not so place our felicity in knowledge as we forget our mortality; the second, that we make application of our knowledge, to give

ourselves repose and contentment and not distaste and repining. The third, that we do not presume by the contemplation of nature to attain to the mysteries of God."

"For, as touching the first of these, Solomon doth excellently expound himself in another place of the same book, where he saith:—'I saw well that knowledge recedeth as far from ignorance as light doth from darkness; and that the wise man's eyes keep watch in his head, whereas the fool roundeth about in darkness; but withal I learned that the same mortality involveth them both.' And for the second . . . When men fall to framing conclusions out of their knowledge, applying it to their particular and ministering to themselves thereby weak fears or vast desires, there groweth that carefulness and trouble of mind which is spoken of. And for the third point, if any man shall think by view and enquiry into these sensible and material things to attain that light, whereby he may reveal unto himself the nature or will of God, then, indeed, is he spoiled *by vain philosophy*. For the contemplation of God's creatures and works produceth (as regards them) knowledge, but, having regard to God, no perfect knowledge, but wonder, which is broken knowledge. . . . Further, it is an assured truth and a conclusion of experience that a little or *superficial knowledge of philosophy may incline the mind of man to atheism, but a farther proceeding therein doth bring the mind back again to religion.* . . . To conclude, therefore, let no man think or maintain that a man can . . . be too well studied in . . . divinity or philosophy; . . . only let men beware that they apply them both to charity and not *to swelling*, to use and not to *ostentation*. . . ."

(III.) I should like to draw attention to an article published in *Baconiana*, January, 1896, wherein was pointed out "the frequency with which Bacon refers things so some 'model pattern' or copy from which they are or ought to be taken." The example chiefly dwelt upon in that article was the model or pattern which Bacon set before himself in the character and enterprises of Alexander the Great. Just such another model is referred to in the Greek anagram above; but on this occasion it is to Antony Bacon that the tribute is addressed, although we must observe that not *one* but *two*, not *one* but *both the Catoes* are included in the allusions. Similarly, we find that not from one but from *both the Catoes* Francis Bacon moulds his model or image.

Again, referring to Adv. of L., Book I., we find :—

"And as for the disgraces which Learning receiveth from politicians, they be of this nature; that learning doth soften men's minds and makes them unapt for the honour and exercise of arms, that it doth mar their dispositions for matter of government, making them too curious and irresolute by a variety of reading, or too immoderate and peremptory by strictness of rules and axioms, etc."

"Thou wast a soldier even to Cato's wish."
(*Coriol.*, i, 4; vi, 61.)

"Out of this conceit, Cato, surnamed Censor, one of the wisest men, indeed, that ever lived, when Carneades, the philosopher, came in embassage to Rome, that the young men of Rome began to flock around him, being allured with the sweetness and majesty of his eloquence and learning, gave counsel to open Senate that they should give him his despatch with all speed, lest he should infect and inchant the minds and affections of the youth, and at unawares bring in an alteration of the manners and customs of the state."

[Presently Bacon contests these prejudices one by one, and we can believe that the words which follow may reflect some feeling and experience of his own, when in middle life he looked back upon the contempt which he had felt or expressed when, as a boy, he "fell into a dislike" of the unfruitfulness of the way in which he was being taught, being a philosophy only fit for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of man. In this mind he continued, says Dr. Rawley, to his dying day. But with regard to the barrenness of the grammarian teaching, it is possible that he regretted in later life the little Latin (according to the judgment of an *arbiter elegantiarum*) and less Greek which he was capable of writing.*]

"And as to the judgment of Cato the Censor, he was well punished for his blasphemy against learning, in the same kind wherein he offended, for when he was past threescore years old he was taken with an extreme desire to go to school again and to learn the Greek tongue, to the end to peruse the Greek

* N.B.—Whilst on this subject, can any one inform me where *Bacon's original English* of Books 3—9 of Adv. of L. and Novum Organum exist? I think that from what has just been said above, it is evident that the Latin versions are not his original or his own translation, which I believe was Ben Jonson's work.

authors; which doth well demonstrate that his former censure of the Grecian learning was rather an affected gravity than according to the inward sense of his own opinion."

Another passage hints Bacon's own experience of the general feebleness of judgment which prevails amongst mankind. Few think for themselves, few can hold independent opinions or lines of action. These few, if discretion and good judgment be combined with firmness of purpose and consistency of action, become leaders amongst the fickle, wavering multitude, which, for the most part, knows no better than to follow fashion, custom, or the prevailing prejudice. "Silly sheep," giddy people, flocking to follow the first amongst themselves who shows the smallest degree of spirit or enterprise. Cato the Censor used to say of the Romans, "that they were like sheep, for that a man might better drive a flock of them than one of them; for in a flock, if you could but get some few of them to go right, the rest would follow."—*De Aug.*, Bk. viii, ch. 1.

Of Cato the Younger, Bacon quotes the saying of Cicero, "that the divine and noble qualities we see in him are his own; the defects which we sometimes find proceed, not from his nature, but his instruction."—*Ib.*, vii. 3. And in the same chapter, speaking of the culture of the affections as a part of the culture of the mind and intellect, he says:—"Thus it is which Cato bestows upon Cato the Younger—as no ordinary praise—that he had applied himself to philosophy, not for the sake of disputing, as most do, but for the sake of living according to its rules."

We need not doubt whence Bacon derived the thoughts condensed in his essay on studies.

"Read not to contradict and confute; nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. . . . . Natural philosophy (makes men) deep; moral philosophy makes them grave. Abeunt studia in mores (studies go to form character)."

One more quotation, reserved for the last, because it seems to be of all the most interesting, especially when considered in connection with much that is continually said concerning the universal and unparalleled versatility of Bacon's genius. Some hold it impossible that one man should combine so many various gifts and faculties. Others believe it proved by the testimony of many of his contemporaries, and by the internal evidence of the unacknowledged works now claimed as his, that he was,

indeed, complete master of all arts and sciences, of all philosophy and literature known in his time.

Finding in himself the predominant faculty of a great poet, "a *nimbleness of mind apt*," as he expresses it, "*to perceive analogies*," as well as judgment and contemplative powers capable of weighing and considering the greatest and meanest of matters, he thought himself destined and qualified to become a pioneer in the mine of truth. His *versatility*, his power of making his style, chameleon-like, partake of the colour of the subject-matter on which it was employed, was one of the great secrets of his success, and doubtless a great help to his own concealment as a poet.

"Nothing hinders men's actions or fortunes so much as this, to remain the same when the same is unbecoming; that is for men to be as they were, and follow their own nature when occasions change. Whence Livy, in introducing Cato the Elder as a most *skilful architect of his own fortune* [cp. line 5 of Greek anagram], adds well of him that he had 'a wit that could turn' (ingenium versatile). This also is the reason why grave and solemn wits, which know not how to change, have generally more dignity than good fortune. But this viscous and knotty temper, which is so averse to change, is nature in some; in others it is the result of habit (which is a second nature), and an opinion (which easily steals into men's minds) that men can hardly make themselves believe that they ought to change that course which they have found by experience to be prosperous and successful."—*De Aug.*, viii. 2.

L. BIDDULPH.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE two most notable events of recent months, in regard to our controversy, are the appearance of a Paper, by Professor Fiske, in the *North Atlantic Monthly*, and another in *Pearson's Magazine*, by Dr. Bucke. The first article is antagonistic; the second friendly.

Professor Fiske entitles his paper, "Forty Years of Bacon-Shakespeare Folly." If learned critics will behave rudely they must expect to be let alone. The only answer to many of his unmannerly assertions is flat contradiction.

Professor Fiske delights us when he says that "In Bacon's fifteen volumes there is not a paragraph which betrays poetical genius," the only answer to which is our ironical *Hear, hear!* The same reply is sufficient for the statement that "The Shakespeare plays do not abound with evidences of scholarship or learning of the sort that is gathered from profound and accurate study of books." Writing of this character must surely represent the "Folly" which is said to characterise our discussion. Professor Fiske, of course, does not understand our case. He is far more ignorant of it than the man in the street. He puts statements into our mouths which were never made; as, for instance—"They asseverate with vehemence that in all the seven and thirty plays there is no such thing as a native wood note wild." We challenge him to prove this: it is ridiculously untrue. His positive arguments are for the most part either rash assumptions of the *petitio principii* order, or logical blunders. For instance, he says of the *Venus and Adonis*, that the authorship is asserted as distinctly as the title-page of David Copperfield proclaims that novel to be by Charles Dickens. Oh, sapient Professor! the name of Charles Dickens on the title page is in itself no evidence whatever that Charles Dickens wrote the book, as any student of logic and evidence well knows.

This precious Fiskian attack is, of course, applauded by those who worship the Shakespeare fetish, and find sweetest music in the tom-toms and senseless clamours of the devotees. A writer in the *Revue des Revues* speaks of it as the hardest blow our argument has yet received.

"La celebre controverse qui dure depuis plusieurs années, et d'après laquelle les pieces de Shakespeare auraient été écrites par Bacon, n'avait pas encore reçu de coups aussi rudes que ceux qui lui porte le professeur John Fiske sous le titre explicite 'Quarante ans de folie Bacon-Shakespeare.' A la lumière des commentateurs des Shakespeare et plus particulièrement des commentaires Allemand justice est faite des étranges hypothèses de Mons Ignatius Donelly et de son école."

Surely the writer is mistaken—Professor Fiske is uncivil (this must be the *rude coup* alluded to! for there is nothing else that is strong in the article). But the hard blows of Fiske are the gentle tappings of a lady's fan compared with the violence of other critics who shall be nameless.

Our friend, Mr. Reed, has sent us the cutting of a most admirable reply to Professor Fiske, which has appeared in the Epistolary column of the "Boston Evening Transcript." The writer, combating the Professor's gentlemanly assertion that the advocates of the Baconian theory are weak-minded people [a splendid Shakesperean argument; quite unanswerable], makes the following interesting statement:—

"Was Dr. O. W. Holmes also one of these weak-minded people? Permit me to make the following quotation from one of his letters:—'Our Shakesperian scholars here about are very impatient whenever the question of the authorship of the plays and poems is even alluded to. It must be spoken of whether they like it or not. We'll have a starling which shall be taught to speak nothing but Verulam, Verulam, whenever Shakespeare's name is mentioned, if need be.'"

So then we may add to our honourable *rôle* the splendid name of Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Professor Fiske must add the same name to his list of weak-minded advocates of the Bacon-Shakespeare folly.

Mr. Donelly has at last completed his great work in which he reveals to us the mystery of *the* cipher. We hear that his book will be out before June next.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Edwin Rees's able book, Shakespeare *v.* Bacon, has just reached its *Eighth Edition.*

At our recent stock-taking it was discovered that we had only 3 complete sets of the Bacon Journals and Baconiana. We are, therefore, obliged to raise the price of these sets to £3 3s.

for the 7 volumes bound. Sets of 6 *vols.*, bound, made up from those Nos. of which we have an ample supply, can be had for £1 11s. 6d. Application to be made to Mr. John Hodges, who will also supply odd numbers (1s. 6d. each), covers, etc.

Dr. Maurice Bucke's article on Baconiana has achieved two great successes, first in the September issue of the "Canadian Magazine," and then in the Christmas Number of "Pearson's." *On dit* that it has caused quite a stir in *non-* and *anti-* Baconian circles.

R. M. T.

Correction.

In the October issue of *Baconiana,* in the second paper upon Bacon's "Essay of Fame," there is a misquotation from Virgil, for which the writer, Mr. Wigston, is not to blame, but which he wishes to correct. He refers to the Latin quotation from Virgil's description of *Fame,* in the fourth book of the "Æneid (line 173). The correct Latin text is:—

> "Luce sedet custos aut summi culmine tecti,
> Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes."